

with as we would deal with a burglary. Offensive conduct from men, if undeserved, is to be treated exactly as offensive conduct from dogs. Duelling was the silliest business ever indulged in, except war.

The wise man expects to be disliked by many people. The unpleasant things they do he accepts as a matter of course. He does expect to enjoy every favor that every body else does. And because he does not, he does not feel slighted. The good that men do him he enjoys—what they fail to do he doesn't mourn over. The poor creature who is forever outgunning for insults, while he has plenty of entertainment of its kind, is a most pernicious nuisance.

The young man in love is necessarily a fool. The heat of his emotions dissolves his judgment. It is unfortunate too, and a strange provision of nature, that so soon as a man becomes enamored of a woman he must be ridiculous before her. His trouble is an involuntary one, and generally a wholesome experience. Like the measles, it must run its course. There is no discredit attached to being in love, yet men still laugh at it, and the troops of wrinkled and gray-headed jests that cluster about lovers speak ill for the originality of men. While dawns still visit the east, and the tides of motion still ebb and flow in the soul, the phenomena of youthful love will flower human experience. We would encourage it. Perfect love is the high water mark of the soul.

Reminiscences of the Pass.

The testimony being taken in the suit over the Indian village has awakened interest in the early history of this region. One of the first settlers has been interviewed by our correspondent, and gives the following facts:

The first white settler in this Pass was Pauline Weaver, who is now dead. He occupied what is now known as the old Edgar place. In 1853 Dr. J. W. Smith came in. He was the father of Messrs. Frank and Ollie Smith. He made his home at the site of the present Highland Home. At that time the Mexican government had made a grant of 11 leagues, which would pretty effectually cover this Pass, to Col. Williams, Pauline Weaver and one Dobson. Dr. Smith purchased Weaver's interest in the grant. The papers concerning this grant were lost in transit to Washington, and were never recovered. It therefore failed, and as a consequence, titles in this Pass come from the United States government, and we enjoy the luxury of an Indian reservation. The grant was called the San Geronio grant. About the year 1860 the first stage line from Los Angeles to Yuma was established. Yuma was then the headquarters of quite a mining district. The stages made the distance from here to Los Angeles in from 18 to 20 hours. After a time the Eastern terminus of the stage line was changed from Yuma to Alhambra, a point farther up the Colorado river. The regular stopping places on the stage line, with relays of horses, were Highland Home, Whitewater, Agua Caliente, Toros, Dos Palms, Chuculwalla and the Slough. The first stage line was owned by Henry Wilkinson and Warren Hall, whose deaths near Highland Home was a tragedy bloody enough to dye the annals of Arizona. At Dr. Smith's place near the Highland Home was a hostler named Gordon. He went out on the line to the east one trip. On the way back he rode in the boot and learned that there was \$1300 in bullion being expressed on the stage. Wilkinson had driven the stage in, and while eating dinner the bullion was stolen. Its loss was discovered later by Hall, who drove on to Los Angeles. Suspicion was at once directed to Gordon, but he stoutly protested his innocence. On Hall's return, he and Wilkinson took Gordon out to a lonely spot and hung him up three times to make him confess where the bullion was. Nothing could extract a confession from him, yet

his employers were confident of his guilt. One evening at twilight Wilkinson took him out alone up a little canyon, and from subsequent developments it was supposed that he showed Gordon a newly-dug grave and threatened him with death if he did not disclose the whereabouts of the stolen bullion. Shortly after, Hall and Frank Brewer started out to follow them. Before they had proceeded a great ways they heard two shots fired in quick succession, and saw Gordon fleeing down the canyon. Hall caught him, threw his arms around him, but was fatally stabbed with the huge knife Gordon was carrying. Brewer then gave chase to Gordon, but he disappeared in the darkness. Upon investigation Wilkinson was found dead, stabbed through the heart; farther up the canyon, near a newly-dug grave, Hall died soon after being hurt. Gordon was tracked in the direction of San Bernardino. Mr. Frank Smith went to San Bernardino that night, and at daybreak was out scouring the country up this way for a trace of Gordon's track. He found it near Warm Creek and tracked him straight to the court house where he had gone and given himself up. He was tried for murder and cleared. The suspicion against him seemed confirmed by the fact that before leaving on the night of the tragedy, his track showed that he went to a tree on the place, dug up something that had been buried there, and took it away. In the hole was found a piece of the paper that had been on the package of bullion. The bullion was never recovered.

In the early days there were more Indians in this country than now. They were constantly passing through from the Desert to Los Angeles. The Coahuila tribe then numbered 8000 warriors. The wages paid the Indians in the early days was 25 cents per day. They dressed much as they do now, in civilized garb, but wore sandals made either of rawhide or Spanish bayonet. The squaws wore blankets made of rabbit skins.

Whitewater was settled by Mr. Frank Smith in 1860.

Some of our exchanges are taking us to task for assuming that Benjamin was the character in Sacred History reputed to own a variegated coat. Were we capable of indulging in a genuine style of theological discussion, we would ask our brethren how they propose to demonstrate that Benjamin did not have a particular coat. They seem to pose as Agnostics in the premises. If our intuition is to the effect that the sunlight was broken all to pieces before it rebounded from Benjamin's graceful back, does our reverential friend on the hilltop propose to march himself alongside Huxley, and say he don't know? But we do not invest Benjamin with the rainbow by the intuitive process. We do it by logic. Everybody knows Joseph's coat story—how it was dipped in the leopard's blood to deceive a fond father—everybody has known and most people have forgotten that. Now Benjamin was younger than Joseph. What kind of a patriarch would Jacob have been to have given Joseph a yellow and green surcoat and not provided Benjamin in equal brilliancy? Jacob's character warrants our assumption that the youngest son was tricked out equally as variegated as Joseph—and Benjamin's character was strong enough to lead us to infer that he wouldn't have put up with anything less. We have heard De Witt Talmadge prove that Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by raining brimstone by an argument not half so strong as the adroit piece of logic with which we long ago satisfied ourselves on the very important matter of Benjamin's wardrobe. And we have to say to our brethren that they mistake us if they think us unlearned in scripture—we have not only gone through them but a monstrous long way beyond.

A quartet of pinchers, composed of Mrs. Fraser, Miss Barr, and Messrs. Hathaway

and Munson, went up on San Jacinto mountain and dined under the giant oaks in Mr. Chris. Gottman's dooryard last Saturday. It was an equestrian excursion, and was a treat—even in this country so abounding in scenery. The features of the day were the milk furnished by Mrs. Shane and the bread, butter and honey appropriated from Mrs. Gottman's larder. Unfortunately Mr. Gottman was not at home; but that dinner in his dooryard we will not live long enough to forget. At an altitude of 6000 feet, the peace of nature reigned. The steep climb of six miles had given an edge to our appetites. A cloudless sky, a perfect temperature, a jolly company, a thick slice of white bread, heavily spread with yellow butter and that veneered with strained honey, and the rich milk, made a combination that is inadequately characterized by the expression—a symphony in satisfaction. It was a red-letter day.

Dixie Fraser, a thoroughbred German mastiff, arrived from Mt. Hamilton on Sunday. Dixie is entirely respectable, at any rate we observe that he is treated with uniform consideration. He is mouse-colored, is one yard high by two long, has a head like Daniel Webster, a mouth like the Bay of Fundy, and is calloused like a camel on the joints on which he lies down. Although in poor condition, he weighs 130 pounds. He has assumed watch at THE HERALD headquarters, and if anybody has any difficulty to settle with us, we respectfully refer him to Mr. Dixie.

A Friend Gone.

On Tuesday morning at 3 o'clock, died, William E. Wheeler, who for two years past has been a resident of Banning. He was born near Chicago 28 years ago. For 10 years he pursued the banking business in Minnesota, Dakota and Wisconsin. For three years he has been a pilgrim in search of health. He started through Montana and finally came to Banning. The progress of his disease was wonderfully retarded here, but not stopped. He leaves no parents. Two half brothers, residing in Chicago, survived him.

The life of Will Wheeler in Banning was a peaceful afternoon. His temper fitted him for the quiet life his feebleness enforced. Contented, grateful for kindness, full of humor and sympathy, he was a boon companion and welcome in all places. We cherish the memory of him—in its presence bow our heads and pour out the tribute of a sincere esteem.

His death was as peaceful as his life. Unattended by pain he passed through the dark portals, and his untroubled faith left on his features a look of ineffable peace.

He has lived amid the tenderest ministrations. Mr. and Mrs. Hargraves, with whom he made his home, have been father and mother to him, and we know that he appreciated their goodness.

His life is done. His burdens are unloosed, his cares laid down. Wherever his spirit be, we believe it is well.

State Legislatures.

This nation is afflicted with legislatures. From the Congress at Washington to the Legislature at the capitol of Rhode Island the whole system is cumbersome and ineffective. In an article in the *Century Magazine*, Mr. Thomas Reed, of Maine, the most skillful parliamentarian on the floor of Congress, demonstrates the utter incapacity of the House of Representatives to transact business. But eight per cent of the measures presented before that body are ever acted upon.

A legislature makes our laws. No graver duty lies in the service of the State. All business is founded upon law. A change in the law affects the entire commercial superstructure. In selecting men to perform this greatest public duty, we send commissions to every county for a legislator; and biennially there congregates at our capitol, an assembly of citi-

zens to make laws. They have been selected in the lottery of politics; they are to legislate for an empire in a 60-days' sitting. First, there are too many of them. One hundred and twenty men are incapable of thorough investigation. They debate rather than inquire; they waste time; they have too many notions and personal ambitions. Wisdom is not found by accumulating heads. One good head will contain more than a thousand poor ones. Emerson has said that perfect conversation is possible only between two people. Perfect council is possible only among a few. Too many councilors dissipate the focus of discussion. No 120 men in California can keep on the track of an investigation. They will scatter themselves all over the irrelevant premises adjacent. And among so many, responsibility is not fixed. There is nothing that will secure good service like a definite responsibility; and among 120 men that is impossible. public wrath cannot punish a legislature any more than a rifle can knock out a fog bank.

Second, our legislators are not qualified to legislate. Few of them know what the laws are, let alone what they ought to be. The pay of a legislator would not command the services of a competent man, unless he made a sacrifice. We cannot rely on public business being well done by men working for charity. To properly legislate, a man must study, not for 60 or 90 days, but for years. It is a business requiring brains and experience as much as any other. It requires more than a fraction of a man's attention—it requires all of his attention. The average legislator leaves his business for three months out of two years to legislate for the State; he is necessarily unqualified.

Third, our legislators do not represent the people they legislate for. Out of the whole 120, the people of San Bernardino county have but two representatives—118 men are making laws for us, whom we never voted for. The Representative from Ventura county would make a good member of the Board of Supervisors of Ventura county; he then would represent the people who elected him. As it is, he goes to Sacramento, selected by one county to legislate for 50 counties. He finds himself among a lot of strangers—representing strange communities. But the Ventura county man can get no measure through that his constituents want, without the support of these strangers. Legislation then resolves itself into a mass of trades and compromises. The State of California has no representative in its Legislature. There is nobody to look after the people's interests, as a whole. County representation ruins the general character of the Legislature. While the Governor represents all the State, the law maker represents but a small fraction of it.

We should make legislation, instead of a political incident, a business. A legislative commission of 12 men, sitting all the time, commanding high salaries, would legislate for us with ten times the wisdom that our Legislature does, and with much less cost. This government is too afraid to intrust power. The fear of tyranny warped the minds of the men who set legislatures over us. Our experience with State and government officials teaches us that we can trust men with power.

Roses in Banning are abundant, and the graces of color, fragrance and form are exhausted in the varieties. A garden of roses is the richest thing on earth. All human art pales before a perfect rose. Contemplating a rose is reading a poem by the Creator.

Mr. John Hanna and family visited Colton on Thursday. They went down to meet Mr. Dave Hanna and his new bride. Our postmaster is a thorough convert to the advantages of matrimony. He is delighted to see his brother anchored in that sheltered haven, and we

fancy what lofty pride animated his official features as he marshalled his incomparable trio of children before the young couple, and by such a display attempted to stir a spirit of worthy emulation.

Locating the Insane Asylum.

The Board of Commissioners appointed to select a site for the new Insane Asylum were in Beaumont on Friday of last week, and were interviewed by THE HERALD. The Board consists of Mr. J. H. Brown, of San Bernardino, who is chairman; Mr. M. S. Severance, of Los Angeles; Mr. Jas. Kerr, of San Jacinto; Mr. W. N. Hawley, of Santa Barbara; and Mr. H. P. Grant, of Ventura. It is accompanied by Dr. E. T. Wilkins, resident physician of the Napa Insane Asylum, who acts as adviser to the Board. Dr. Wilkins extensive experience among the insane makes him an authority in all matters pertaining to them. He has been with the Napa Asylum since its establishment. There are now inmates of that institution to the number of 1325. It has 150 employees on its pay roll. Of the inmates the Dr. estimates three-fourths to be incurable. One man died lately who had been an insane asylum patient for 20 years. That period is far beyond the average life of an insane person. Many insane persons, after the violence attending the first attack, become paralyzed, and are confined to their beds. The care of these is an immense burden. Constant lying develops bedsores that become extremely offensive. To our question whether he thought it would not be humane to shorten the lives of those who were incurably insane and violent or helpless, the Dr. very diplomatically declined to answer. The question provoked some discussion among the commissioners, by one of whom it was characterized as a bloodthirsty proposition, and the general opinion was that no such notion would ever prevail. Apropos of the trial of the man Oakes, Dr. Wilkins remarked that he had prepared a bill and secured its passage through the Legislature of this State, providing that if any person charged with the crime of murder, rape, arson or robbery, should be cleared on the plea of insanity, he should be incarcerated in an insane asylum at the penitentiary for life—subject to be released only on the Governor's pardon. Gov. Bartlett pocketed the bill and it never became a law. This measure was an eminently wise one. Had it been the law, the jury on the Oakes trial need not have stultified itself as it did in its verdict. They could have cleared Oakes on the ground of lunacy—which would have been the just verdict, and at the same time had him put where society would no longer have been imperiled by him.

The commission has been for a month examining sites in this county. They were pleased with Beaumont, but are not likely to select it because of its comparative inaccessibility among other things. They were about done looking at places and expected to reach a conclusion within a few days. With 1300 insane at Napa, and 1500 at Stockton, and 300 at one other place in the State, and need for this new asylum, that branch of human affliction seems to be well developed. Contrary to the general opinion, Dr. Wilkins says that the less brains a man has the easier it is to lose them. Most men think insanity to be rather a prerogative of high intelligence, but such is not the case. It is found among the foreign element in much larger per cent than among native Americans. The greatest cause of insanity is heredity. Banning made no bid for the institution. We did not want it. An insane asylum would be a worse neighbor than a school bell.

Our Neighbor Over the Mountain.

We paid a visit to San Jacinto the early part of the week. We got into and out